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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *June* the 21ſt, 1753.

I HAVE the pleaſure of informing my fair correſpondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wiſh I could as eaſily reſtore to her what ſhe has loſt. But to a mind like her's, ſo elevated! ſo harmonized! time and the conſciouſneſs of ſo much purity of intention will bring relief. It muſt always afford her matter of the moſt pleaſing reflection, that her ſoul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which ſhe appears to mention with ſo tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate

anticipate her ſtory, by endeavouring to conſole her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herſelf againſt that exceſs of complaiſance, with which they are ſometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE not the leaſt ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodſley, whom I never ſaw in my life; but I addreſs myſelf to your equity and good-nature, for a ſmall ſhare only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public that he is now applying himſelf, and which I hope you will not think it reaſonable that he ſhould monopolize. I mean that admirable, ſhort and ſecret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and repreſentations of the pencil, inſtead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, ſir, to ſtate my caſe and my qualifications to you: I am ſure you will decide with juſtice.

I AM the daughter of a clergyman, who having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and aſſiſted me in the one, allowed me a maſter to inſtruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progreſs in both. My heart was tender, and my ſentiments were delicate; perhaps too much ſo for my rank in life. This diſpoſition led me to ſtudy chiefly thoſe treaſures of ſublime honour, ſpotleſs virtue, and refined ſentiments, the voluminous romances of the laſt century. Sentiments, from which I thank heaven I have never deviated. From a ſympathizing ſoftneſs of ſoul, how often have I wept over thoſe affecting

ing diſtreſſes! How have I ſhared the pangs of the chaſte and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous hiſtorical miſrepreſentations of the gallant firſt Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tendereſt lover that ever lived! My drawings took the ſame elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the moſt moving and tender ſtories of charming Ovid's metamorphoſes; not without ſometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I preſented ſome fans of my own painting to ſeveral ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleaſed to commend both the execution and the deſigns. The latter I always took care ſhould be moving, and at the ſame time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to repreſent with unblemiſhed delicacy, the unhappy paſſion of the unfortunate Paſiphaé. With this turn of mind, this ſoftneſs of ſoul, it will be ſuppoſed that I loved. I did ſo, ſir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why ſhould I diſown a paſſion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of ſenſuality, is the nobleſt and moſt generous ſentiment of the human breaſt? O! that the falſe heart of the dear deceiver, whoſe perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure!——The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His perſon was a happy compound of the manly ſtrength of a hero, and all the ſofter graces of a lover; and I thought that I diſcovered in him, at firſt ſight, all the courage and all the tenderneſs of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it ſeems pleaſed him as much. He ſought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and ſoon after by his words, he declared his paſſion to me. My bluſhes, my confuſion,

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and my ſilence too plainly ſpoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languiſhingly ſoft his eyes! with what ardour did he ſnatch and preſs my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot decently refuſe, and for which refuſal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addreſſed me in the moving words of Varanes, ſometimes in the tenderer accents of Caſtalio, and ſometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good ſcholar. In ſhort, ſir, a month was not paſt before he preſſed for what he called a proof of my paſſion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He perſiſted; and I in compliance with cuſtom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuſe to the man I tenderly loved, the proof he required of my paſſion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to ſentiment, not to deſire. A few months gave me ſome reaſon to ſuſpect that his paſſion was not quite ſo pure; and within the year, the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely ſenſual. For upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himſelf with ſaying that in the courſe of quarters he hoped to have the pleaſure ſometime or other of ſeeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of ſoul, as I dare ſay you have, can better gueſs than I can expreſs the agonies I felt, and the tears I ſhed upon this occaſion; but all in vain; vain as the thouſand tender and moving letters which I have written to him ſince, and to which I have received no anſwer. As all this paſſed within the courſe of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my firſt and only love, I now maintain at the expence of more than half of what I have to ſubſiſt upon myſelf.

HAVING now, as I hope, prepared your compaſſion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition. Which is, that you will be pleaſed to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have ſo juſtly acquired, for a ſhare of this new and beneficial branch of trade. I mean no farther than the juſt bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodſley engroſs all the reſt, with my beſt wiſhes. Though I ſay it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate ſentiments than I have; and I have already a conſiderable ſtock in hand of theſe allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almoſt every ſituation in which a woman of ſenſe, virtue and delicacy can find herſelf. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various diſpoſitions of mind, which my various fortunes produced. I think I may ſay without vanity, that I have made conſiderable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the gentle and cryſtalline Tender with ſeveral new villages and groves; and added expreſſion to the pleaſing melancholic grove of ſighs and tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering cupids, wanton zephyrs, conſtant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jeſſamine and tuberoſe, and ſhady groves. Theſe will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the tranſporting ſituation of growing loves. For the forſaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally ſympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypreſs and ſolemn yew. In ſhort, ſir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the moſt

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